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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE HOUSE OF PRIDE.

I lived with Pride; the house was hung
With tapestries of rich design.
Of many houses, this among
Them all was richest, and 'twas mine.
But in the chambers burned no fire,
Tho' all the furniture was gold;
I sickened of fulfilled desire,
The House of Pride was very cold.

I lived with Love; all she possessed
Was but a tent beside a stream.
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
She wove around my sleep a dream.
And One there was with face divine
Who softly came, when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
And made our life a sacrament.

—Rev. W. J. Dawson, D. D.

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A GREAT RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLY.

The National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States which is in session this week and next at Cleveland, Ohio, in meetings continuing for ten days, has the largest attendance which it has ever had. Between 900 and 1,600 delegates are in attendance, and there are besides a large number of visiting ministers and laymen who are not delegates.

All of the great national societies of the Congregational churches are in convention now at Cleveland in connection with the National Council, and many of the great questions and problems which confront the Christian world are having earnest and able consideration.

The address by Dr. Washington Gladden, which we publish this week, is well worth careful reading. It is the utterance of a Christian statesman, one of God's modern prophets.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

That was a precious eulogy which the wise man gave to the virtuous woman when he said, "In her tongue is the law of kindness." We feel instinctively that whatever may have been the fashion of her form or features, her face had that beauty which outlasts the ravages of time; through the veil of the flesh the kind and loving spirit shone out. Let us rejoice that we are under this law, that we are commanded to be kind one to another.

This spirit blesses every relation of life. Society finds in it one of the strongest pillars it can raise for the support of its vast, complicated framework. When men shall come to look upon each other with the spirit of kindness, what mighty barriers which have hindered the progress of our race will be thrown down. When to the spirit of jutice, shall be added the grace of kindness, then the time which the great human-hearted poet sang of will hasten on

When man to man, the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

If this spirit is found permeating the life of a community, then that community is by the measure of this spirit prepared to do what God wishes to be done, what he intended when he made man a social being and gathered men into communities large or small. As another has said, "How plain is the social destination of man! born, as he is, into the arms of love, sustained from the beginning by human kindness, endowed with speech and placed among fellow-beings to whose feelings he cannot but respond, into whose hearts he yearns to pour his own, and whose rights, feelings, and interests are commended to his regard by a law of love and justice written within him by a divine hand." How easy it is to see that among the good laws of God, this law of kindness has a high place. How community life, and national life, and the world life which in our day is felt as never before; all need this spirit. The showing forth of the spirit of kindness would unite men together in bonds stronger than bands of steel, and bring in the day of universal brotherhood.

But it is when we turn to the life of the home, and get there our closest view of the working of this spirit that we see how full of blessing it is, both to those who show it and to those who receive it. How it helps to lighten the daily burdens. How by it the soul is comforted and cheered in the midst of trouble and sorrow. How it binds the hearts of parents and children together. Oh, to have the blessed perfume of the spirit of kindness filling the home each day, who shall describe its blessedness or measure its far-reaching transforming power; it makes that home however high or however lowly like the place where the good man meets his end

"Close on the verge of heaven."

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN ITINERANT VACATION.

The vacation was planned for sight-seeing. The party consisted of three, two ladies and myself. One had never been east of the Rocky Mountains, the other not for forty years. We went light, suit cases sufficing for our wardrobes, feathers and finery were left in California. Round trip excursion tickets via Ogden, Salt Lake City and Denver to Chicago, returning via New Orleans, were purchased. Over 5,000 miles of travel for $72.50, what an opportunity to see much of the nation at small cost. Combinations that make such journeys possible are not evil. The trip to Chicago was planned so that the party did not spend more than one night at a time in the sleeper. Stops were made in Ogden, Salt Lake City and Denver long enough to permit of seeing these places. The painful funnyisms of the sight-seeing car conductors ought to be prohibited by law, at least new jokes should be attempted. The journey between Salt Lake City and Denver is through magnificent mountain scenery, the masterpiece of railway engineering is that through the Royal Gorge. The ride on the observation car is surpassingly entrancing. The rushing waters, the tortuous canyon, the towering cliffs, the majestic peaks, the speeding, rocking train combined to produce sensations indescribable.

When Nebraska was reached King Corn was encountered. What a monarch he is, what territory he rules. Nebraska to Massachusetts, Virginia to Quebec, his silvery tassels tossed in the breeze and his rustle made music. Where does it all go, what is done with it is the question one asks as the train rolls through counties and states of it. It is the great American cereal.

The most unpleasant feature of the journey was the necessity of "tipping." What a demoralizing, vicious practice it is. Black, white and yellow, male and female, every person rendering a service expects a fee even though they are paid wages for the service. Call for drinking water in an hotel and the boy who brings it lingeringly waits till the door is closed, the porter who calls a carriage for you stands expectantly,

soon do the servants in hotels gauge the newcomer and render service according to his generosity. The attitude of the red-capped railway station porter is interesting in view of the assurance of the company's folder that he is there to render every possible assistance free of charge to passengers, especially to ladies. Not once did one of them come in the true spirit of helpfulness and take the grips from the ladies; they stood as though waiting to be hired. But it is in the dining car and dining room that the full power of the "tip" is realized. One experience will illustrate it. A party of three breakfasted in a dining car. When the change came a small coin was handed to the waiter; it was received without a word. At dinner time the party was placed at the same table, purposely probably. The waiter proceeded to teach the needed lesson. He gave close attention to the other table. After a proper time he came forward and received the order sheet, looked at it and walked off. In his time the food was brought. One of the meat orders was unfit to eat. The waiter had disappeared. The steward was called and the condition of the meat pointed out. It was carried away and after another wait the new order was brought without the side dish which went with it. It was waited for but was not brought and the meat was eaten. The meat was tough, the potatoes sodden, the coffee cold, the meal a failure, but the waiter had revenge. What is to be done? The steward was evidently leagued with the waiter and the guest is helpless. From what I observed I believe it is customary for the waiters to share their fees with the steward. If the news item recently published is true that the Federation of Labor is going to abolish tipping by instructing the Waiters Union to forbid its members accepting them, it will earn the gratitude of the traveling public.

The American public have to pay twenty-five cents to secure admission into the grounds at Mount Vernon. It is putting the home of Washington on the same level with some of the homes of impoverished European grandees who need the visitors' fees to help them live. The fees at Mount Vernon go to keep the grounds in order. Surely our country is rich enough to see that the grounds are kept in order and make it unnecessary that any visitor to this shrine should pay his twenty-five cents as if he were entering a circus. It is a mistake.

This journey gave opportunity of seeing some interesting sky-lines. Of all that I saw that of New York City is the most humanly interesting to me. The ferry boat ride from Jersey City to Twenty-third street reveals it in all its diversity. Such buildings cannot be seen in any other city in the world. Some say they are ugly, but to me they were impressive. The latest addition is the Singer Manufacturing Company's Building under course of construction on Broadway, near Liberty street. Thirty stories were raised with eleven more to complete it. Six hundred and twelve feet, one inch is to be its height—the Washington monument is outclassed. I was told that already offices were spoken for in the top story. The New Yorker was not apparently much interested in forty-one story buildings when we were there—it was the 700-foot Lusitania on her way from Europe that held the public notice; wireless messages were telling the people of her progress. Forty-one story building, 700-foot steamers and wireless telegraphy fit into the spirit of New York. It is a great city. Its parks, libraries, art galleries and universities reveal a generous people who though rich are not unmindful of the less fortunate and put in their reach the thing that will inspire them to better lives. One day in the Metropolitan Museum is an inspiration. Reluctantly we left this city and regretfully saw the sky-line fade away as our steamer pushed its way up the Hudson.

What an interesting ride it is from the North Station, Boston, to Tremont street, especially to the western tourist accustomed to the rectangular streets of his home city. It was between five and six o'clock that we started on a car to our hotel. When we reached Adams Square the crowd appeared and when the car turned into Washington street it seemed an impossibility to ever secure a passage. Such streets, turning in unexpected directions and seeming to lead nowhere. Some people complain of Boston's streets; they should be imprisoned. I would not have them otherwise. It is really refreshing to be in a city where one suddenly discovers he is lost. I was lost five times in two hours and moved in the most delightful atmosphere of uncertainty. Then the historical tablets, how unexpectedly they burst on one's view! One wishes he had literally a "Rubber-neck" after a day of sightseeing in old Boston. Faneuil Hall, the Old State House, King's Chapel, the Old South Church, what pictures they conjure up in the mind. Six days in Boston equals six months of historical reading and the memories of the visit are refreshing to the soul.

From Boston to New Orleans via Montreal, Niagara Falls, Chicago and Memphis is a long and interesting journey. New Orleans is unique among American cites. Twenty-three years had passed since I last visited it, still the memories of its picturesqueness lingered with me and I expectantly looked forward to this visit. Alas! the modern spirit has reached this city. New Orleans is typical of the new South, the old and new mingle much to the disparagement of the old. The French Market is dilapidated and partly deserted, the modern department store is taking its place. The balconied house of the old regime stands beside the modern sky-scraper; it begins to feel out of place. The levees are still piled with cotton and the sleepy negroes are lolling upon the bales, but near by a great steamer is loading its thousands of bales with modern machinery requiring a minimum of help. Soon, too, the mills will be in the cotton fields and the old cotton levee will be of the past. The new South is coming, the people are awakening to its possibilities and it seems to me that it is a good place for the young man starting in life to go.

I had seven Sundays to myself. Services were attended in Chicago, Philadelphia, Northfield, Boston and El Paso. Unfortunately for me many of the pastors were like myself on a vacation. Congregations were generally small. Courteous ushers provided good seats, but only once did any other person speak as we came in or went out of the church. We went to worship and not to be coddled, still it would have been pleasant to grip some hand that had the touch of good fellowship. Traveling is lonely, days may pass without speaking to a person outside one's own party except it be the hotel clerk or a ticket agent.

We planned to spend a few days at Northfield to rest and see something of the life there. On arrival at the hotel I signed my name with the prefix Rev. for the first time. I hoped this would secure me an introduction to some pleasant fellowship. But it did not. We were there three days and not a man spoke to me but one until about an hour before my departure, when as I paid my bill the assistant manager talked a few

minutes and hoped I would return. We attended the morning prayer meeting in the parlor, went to service twice on Sunday and attended one of Dr. Pearson's lectures. I was disappointed. The worst of all my experience was in Chicago. I attended the Congregational Ministers' Monday Meeting and sat for about an hour and a half among, probably, one hundred brethren without a word of greeting. This was more surprising in that I had introduced myself to the secretary of the meeting before the meeting was called to order. A former California minister came in after the meeting opened and took a vacant chair beside me. In a few minutes he recognized me and gave cordial greeting, but he left before the meeting closed and I was alone again. Still I enjoyed the meeting, even when Dr. Hitchcock was uncomplimentary to San Francisco it did not detract from the interest of his address.

These are some impressions of a decidedly interesting vacation from which I have returned with a new appreciation of our nation's greatness.

SAMUEL C. PATTERSON.

A MESSAGE FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRISTIANS.

An Address by Dr. Washington Gladden, the Retiring Moderator of the Congregational National Council, Given at Cleveland, Ohio, October 8, 1907.

I return to you tonight, my brethren, the commission with which three years ago you honored me, with gratitude for the trust reposed in me, and with the desire to render some account of my stewardship.

You asked me to devote as much of my time as I could to a ministry at large, and I have endeavored to comply with that request. With health somewhat impaired, and with pastoral duties that could not be neglected. I have done as much as in me lay to express the fellowship of the churches, by bearing from one group to another words of greeting and fraternal good will. It has been, for me, a grateful service. Even this slight manifestation of the fact that we are one people has been cordially welcomed by Congregationalists of every section.

I have visited, during the three years, twenty-five states of the union, and the District of Columbia; have crossed the continent twice and have spoken about seventy-five times before state and local associations, clubs, congresses, and other Congregational assemblies. I have gone, of course, only where I was invited, and I have been constrained, for lack of strength, to decline many services of this kind which I should have been glad to render.

The work to which the moderator thus finds himself called is not likely to be a sinecure. The amount of it is limited only by his capacity. When he is not itinerating, a pretty heavy correspondence protects him against idleness. And when this work of a general ministry is added, as it is likely to be, to the cares and duties of an exacting pastorate, the incumbent is made sure of three pretty strenuous years.

How much the churches are likely to get out of this service is more than I can say. It is clear to me that the moderator of the national council, passing, as the representative of all the churches, from group to group, does render some service as a visible symbol of the common bond that makes us one people. If, at the same time, he could be the bearer of an awakening and informing message, if he could stimulate the churches to larger visions of the things to be done, and more courageous and united purposes, his ministry at large might be of great value.

A purely moral influence it must always be; any attempt by the moderator of the national council to meddle with the business of the churches or of the state or local bodies is not rationally conceivable. I have been slightly amused, now and then, by signs of an apprehensive fear lest the mention even of the title of the moderator might lend some color to hierarchical claims which he might insidiously be making for himself; but such solicitude can only be ascribed to a defective sense of humor. Hierarchical power is not, among us, I make bold to say, a thing to be grasped at by anybody in his right mind. Our perils do not lie in that direction. The thing which we have most to fear is not concentration of authority, it is disintegration of life. The sentiment which we most need to cultivate is not suspicion of encroachments on our liberty, it is rather a sense of our solidarity, an enthusiasm for the interests that are common to us all.

That the moderator, if he were a man of light and leading, might do some valuable service along this line, goes without saying. For myself I can only say that I am profoundly grateful for the privilege you have given me of attempting some such work as this. It is very little that I could do, but I have done what I could. It has been to me a great delight to meet in council with the Congregationalists of every section, to rejoice in the breadth and courage and loyalty to truth with which they are working out their problems of thought and life; to be quickened and comforted by the earnestness and vigor with which they are taking up the tasks before them; and especially to feel the thrill of hope and expectation with which the young men of our ministry are going forth to the work of this new day. And my last days will be happier days because of the friendships I have formed and the visions I have seen in these three years of my ministry at large. * * *

We have come together, I am sure, at the beginning of this great meeting, with a profound sense of its significance, with the feeling that it may prove to be the most important assembly which the Congregational people have ever held on this continent, and with the strong desire that in all the great matters which are to come before this Council and before the societies affiliated with it, we may have the guidance of the Spirit of Truth and Wisdom. I hope that we shall feel that there is really but one assembly here; that the national council does but gather up and make coherent the interests which are represented in the other organizations; that every session of these ten days is to be devoted to our common Congregational work, for which we are all responsible.

To undertake any general survey or discussion of the various questions which are to come before us during these meetings would obviously be out of the question; I must content myself with endeavoring to set forth some considerations of more general character which may help to shape our ideals and direct our aims in all the work before us.

The three years which have elapsed since we turned our faces homeward from Des Moines have been eventful years. It is not necessary to undertake any resume of the things which have been happening; the conviction that the time in which we are living is epochal is not long absent from any sober mind.

Most of us have lived through periods which were clearly not critical; when the current of time lapsed gently from decade to decade with hardly a ripple. But such a time is not the present; its movement is swift and tumultous; our faiths, our philosophies, our social conventions, our political and industrial institutions, are tossed upon its plungin flood, and we are watching to see how many of them will outride the rapids.

These perturbations are not local. Like the shocks and eruptions which have rent the earth's crust and ravaged great cities, they have appeared in many places, and we seem to hear a great voice saying: "Yet once more I make to tremble not the earth only but also the heaven." And even as the everlasting hills totter and crumble under the impact of inscrutable subterranean forces, so the political dynasties which deemed themselves secure against all enemies have been rent and riven by powers whose existence they hardly suspected.

Who of us would have predicted, three years ago, that before our re-assembling the greatest despotism the world has ever known would be shattered into fragments? We might have hoped that, as the issue of war then raging, Japan would win a substantial victory; but that the result of that victory would be the complete collapse of the Russian autocracy; that this great military power would be reduced to political chaos and financial beggary; that the Czar would be, in effect, a prisoner in his palace; that the all-powerful Grand Ducal conclave, whose dominion was absolute, would dwindle and disappear; that the whole body politic of this vast empire would become so thoroughly permeated by democratic and socialistic ideas that no reasonable hope could be entertained of a restoration of the

autocracy—who of us could have dreamed? The foundations of that despotic rule seemed to have been laid in adamant; the army and the navy appeared to be irresistable weapons in the hand of an irresponsible despot; the expectation of any popular resistance to such an engine of oppression would have appeared to most students of politics utterly visionary; yet today that autocracy is the jest and byword of the nations. No stable rule has taken its place, nor can any such thing be hoped for, in the near future; years of tumult and disorder are likely to pass before the foundations of justice and good will can be securely laid; the only sure thing is that the Western World's last and mightiest stronghold of absolutism is in ruins.

Less spectacular, but perhaps no less significant, are the portents visible in that great Eastern Empire, whose civilization, for so many centuries, has been stationary, whose law has been tradition and to whose habitual mood any kind of gospel was a heresy. A people, not, indeed, without God in the world, for He leaves no land and no age without witnesses of His presence, but surely without hope; a people who refused to think of better days to come; who were always looking over their shoulders for the light upon the way before them, and thus forever walking in their own shadow—this people has been roused and stirred as never before in all their history. What is about to happen in China it would be hard to predict, but it is evident that something very serious is taking place. It is hard to see how anything short of a complete reversal of the prevailing mode of Chinese thought can result from the contact of China with the Western World. Western civilization is ruled by the future. Chinese civilization has always been ruled by the past. They are moving in opposite directions. If their contact is so close that they are forced to move together one or the other of them must change its course. We are fain to hope that Western civilization will not be the one. What a tremendous revolution this means, the mutterings and upheavals now audible and visible in that ancient society may give some indication. Nothing more portentious has been seen in history than the ground swell of that great deep of humanity, now for the first time answering to the tidal movements of the universe.

Such are some of the overturnings in other lands, of which, during the past two years, we have been witnesses. The world in which such things are going on is not a commonplace world. The era in which changes of such vastness are in progress is one in which thoughtful men will be vigilant and heedful of the meaning of the great voice by which the earth and the heavens are to be shaken.

But it is not to the things that are taking place on the other side of the world that our attention has been chiefly drawn. Enough has been doing at our doors to keep us wondering. The earthquake that demolished one of our fairest cities was scarcely more dramatic than some of the upheavals that have taken place in the industrial and social order. What we have been witnessing is a new apocalypse —an uncovering of the iniquity of the land.

First came that exposure of the shame of our cities, in which we were forced to see how dreadful are the conditions under which the governments of many of our great municipalities are administered. Most of us knew something of this, but few had any adequate conception of the extent to which graft and corruption were rioting in the places of civic power. It has been a ghastly revelation; the danger is that in our purblind optimism we shall slur its significance. There may be cities in which the boodler does not flourish and where the grafter is unknown, but it is not best for any of us to cherish, in behalf of our own localities, too much municipal self-complacency. We in Columbus were thanking God not long ago that we were not like unto those publicans of St. Louis and Philadelphia, but our mayor inserted the probe, and some of our officials are in the penitentiary.

The causes which produce these effects are widely operative. Everywhere there are millions of capital whose business interest it is to have weak or bad city government, and what we have seen is the natural consequence of this. The shame of our cities is due to nothing but the commercialization of the public conscience. So long as it is the popular belief that it is the chief end of man to make money, we cannot reasonably expect that men in civic office will follow any higher rule. Office will be for such men a business opportunity. It is the practical philosophy of the mart which has come to ripeness and rottenness in our cities.

In the midst of these exposures of municipal depravity came the astounding discoveries of misdoing in a quarter which most of us had always believed to be the dwelling place of fidelity and honor. No shock to the public faith could have been greater than that which was suffered in the insurance investigation. The names in these directories were the most honored names in the business world. To conceive of their being privy to such things as have been proved against them would have been impossible three years ago. Nothing but the relentless logic of facts could have forced this conviction upon us. The foundations of civilized society have not often been so rudely shaken.

The packing-house investigation which followed was scarcely less disquieting. That a business on which the life and health of so many millions depend could be managed with such a cynical disregard of human welfare, would have been incredible to most of us three years ago.

The disclousures which have been made, during the same period, through prosecutions by the nation and the states, of the powerful combinations between railways and the big shippers, intended to crush competition, and aggrandize the strong at the expense of the weak, have also brought to light a state of things which may well cause anxiety to every upright citizen. This titanic plunder has been proceeding, year by year, in utter contempt of law; and it is one of the chief means by which have been heaped up the swollen fortunes which are such a menace to our liberties.

Coupled with this monumental extortion of the discriminating rates is the piratical finance whose aim it is to load all the greater public service industries with debts, the interest of which must be paid by the public. Billions of fictitious capital have been thus created, and every consumer of the land is thus compelled to contribute to the earnings of men who live in ease and opulence upon suppositititious wealth which represents no addition made by anybody to the common weal.

While these rank injustices have been growing and these flagrant inequalities have been accumulating we have witnessed, with solicitude, a widening of the breach between the wage-workers and the employers of labor. Whether we like it or not we must recognize a rapidly growing tendency to separate our people into antagonistic classes. The growth of a plutocracy, the increasing power of the tremendous aggregations of capital, must foster such antagonisms. Conditions like these have no place in a democracy. The growing resentment of the many whose industry is exploited for the aggrandizement of the few is not a matter of wonder. We must not imagine that such a reign of greed and oppression as that on which we have been glancing can be permitted without inciting bitterness and hate and social mutiny. Accordingly we have to own that the relations between the people who own the instruments of production and the people who use them are more and more strained; on both sides the battle lines are sharply drawn and the signs of the times are often disquieting. We have just passed through a heated criminal trial which threatened to precipitate a war of classes. The question whether Haywood was guilty or innoncent of the crime charged against him was made, from the start, by multitudes on both sides, a subordinate question. On the one side there was an angry determination to punish him, whether he were guilty or innocent, because he was a member of a labor organization; on the other side, there was a furious demand that he be set free whether he were innocent or guilty, because he representd a labor organization. The thousands of workingmen and women who paraded the streets of several of our cities, in advance of the trial, prejudging the case and threatening vengeance if he were convicted, furnished a spectacle on which no good citizen could look without a sinking heart. It is to be hoped that these tens of thousands do not, after all, represent the rank and file of the American working classes. At any rate we must confess that we saw, in that demonstration, a symptom, an ugly symptom, of the hatreds and resentments that are threatening the life of this republic.

It must not be imagined that the things which I have been describing are the only kind of things which have been happening in this country during the last three years. All over the land at every season the sun has been shining on the evil and the good, and the rain has been falling on the just and the unjust; the gracious benignities of nature have been vouchsafed us; plentiful harvests have made glad the heart of man; fidelity and honest toil have earned their

meed of happiness, and many a deed of mercy or of heroism has made life beautiful.

Nor must we harbor any doubt that in the large view all things are working for good, and that there is a far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves. I am optimist enough to be sure that God is in His heaven and that all's right, in the long run, with the world. But I have also read history enough to know that this secular forward movement is consistent with many lapses and reverses; and that while "Humanity sweeps onward" many peoples and nations, with whom it once seemed that the hopes of humanity were identified, have halted in the march and been trampled into the dust of the dead generations. The material triumphs of American civilization are splendid, but I do not know that this nation, from that point of view, has any better guaranty of enduring life than Rome had in the days of Augustus, or Egypt in the days of the Rameses, or Babylonia in the times of Hammurabi. And these social phenomena, upon which we have been looking, are certainly startling enough to challenge the attention of all serious men and women. They may not bring us to the point of crying out with Isaiah, "Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, * * * From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and festering sores;" we may be able to discern many saving elements in our social life, and yet it may be possible for us to see that there are influences at work in our society which no patriot can afford to ignore.

It is idle, it is fatuous, to hide from ourselves the fact that we are facing, here in the United States of America, a social crisis. The forces which are at work here—the forces whose operation I have been pointing out—mean destruction. The tendencies which have been gathering strength since the Civil War—the tendencies to the accumulation of power in the hands of a few; the tendencies to use this power predaciously; the tendencies to boundless luxury and extravagance; the tendencies to the separation and the antagonism of social classes—must be arrested and that speedily, or we shall soon be in chaos. A social order which makes possible the rise of a Harriman or a Rockefeller is a social order which cannot long endure. These swollen fortunes that many are gloating over are symptoms of disease; they are tumors, wens, goiters; the bigger they are the deadlier. They are not the reward of social service; they are the fruit of plunder. We have made them possible only by permitting the gate of opportunity to be made narrower and the burden of toil more unrequiting for millions of the poor. They exist only because by our acts we consent to monumental injustice. A society which tolerates such conditions cannot live.

It is because we have begun to have some dim conception of this truth that we are moving, now, toward the correction by law of these grave injustices. We must exterminate them; that is the fight in which there must be no faltering. If we would not be destroyed, we must destroy the destroyers. This is the truth which our brave President, by word and deed, is always enforcing upon us, and he is entirely and everlastingly right about it. He means that the law shall do all that law can do to prevent and punish the rapacity of the strong. He means that our democracy shall not harbor subtle and cryptic tyrannies, forms of robbery with webs like gossamer, that drop on us out of the dark, and entangle us when we are asleep; impalpable spoliations that drain away our earnings in driblets and leave us not only poor but ignorant of what has impoverished us. These are the arts by which swollen fortunes are heaped up in these days, and our President is bound to put an end to them. He means that the gate of opportunity shall not be shut; that the ways of freedom shall be kept clear for the climbing feet of the high and the lowly. If he has any worse purpose than this he has well concealed it, and though there are many who hate him and malign him, those to whom justice is dearer than policy and courage than finesse honor him and trust him and thank God for him.

Everything that law can do to restrain and extirpate these unsocial forces must be done—this is President Roosevelt's policy, and I trust we are all with him in it. The least we can do to save this country from destruction is to enforce with all rigor the law which punishes every kind of robbery and extortion, and especially those artistic schemes of plunder by which our plutocracy has been created. But after President Roosevelt and those who now stand with him and who may come after him have done all that law can do to extirpate these social injustices, I greatly fear that their roots will be found imbedded in the soil and their sprouts springing up right and left and growing amain. Law can do something, but there is a great deal that it cannot do because, as Paul says, it is weak through the flesh. It deals only with the external act, it cannot touch the inward motive. What our social order most needs is not more or better laws, nor a more rigorous enforcement of law; it needs to be permeated by a better morality; to have its whole conception of the meaning and purpose of life revolutionized. The trouble with this social order of ours is not a matter of forms and methods; its ruling ideas are wrong ideas. Ever since we got rid of absolutism and feudalism and paternalism we have been trying to build our civilization on the basis of moral individualism. Self-interest has been recognized as the regulative principle of the social organism. All our laws, all our civic and industrial organizations have been based on this principle. That self-love is the mainspring of human action, and that all rules of conduct must be adjusted to this as the supreme controlling motive, has been the assumption of all our political and practical philosophy. We have not denied the existence of good will and kindness, but we have contended that these were minor and subordinate forces; that no reliance could be placed on them as regulative principles of human action; that society was rightly organized by giving practically unrestricted play to the working of self-interest. In the family, of course, and to some extent in the church, we have recognized the supremacy of altruistic motives, and we have set them free in our philanthropies; but these are lesser interests; in all the central, masterful, absorbing affairs of life, in industry, traffic, politics, the spheres in which by far the largest part of our activities find exercise, we have insisted in enthroning the principle of self-interest.

That this principle had not worked very well through the old days of absolutism and aristocratic feudalism, we could see; but we laid that failure to the monarchs and the aristocrats. When one man behaved selfishly there was trouble, that was evident; but there was a fond hope that when all men had free rein to be as selfish as they chose, all would be well. Our notion was that when all political yokes were broken and democracy came to its own, the principle of "every man for himself" would give us universal welfare. We have had, now, a few generations of democracy, long enough to test the operation of this principle. The phenomena upon which we have been looking give us the result. Here, on this broad continent, with every vestige of political privilege swept away, under a pure democracy, such social conditions as those which we have been considering have been developed. Inequalities of the most glaring sort, oppressions that are continental in their reach, a race of plunderers more powerful and more cunning than ever before appeared in history, with great lawyers to aid them in their predatory schemes; a reign of debilitating luxury that would put to the blush the Romans of the decadence, and, as the fruit of the tree, misery and poverty at the other end of the social scale, and deadly hatreds steadily deepening, and threatening revolution—this is the logical, natural, inevitable outcome of the moral individualism on which we have been trying to build society. Instead of its being true that democracy will transfigure egoism, we have found that no form of society can march hellward faster than a democracy under the banner of unbridled individualism.

That, past all doubt, is the way we have been going. That, and nothing else, has precipitated the social crisis which we are confronting. You will hear a great many other explanations of it, but they are all superficial; the bottom trouble with it all is that we have been trying to found a social order on selfishness. The word to be spoken to this industrial and social order of ours, is the word that John the Baptist spoke, and that Jesus caught from his lips and repeated: "Repent! Change your minds! Your idea of what life means is fundamentally wrong. You are building your whole civilization on a false basis. You imagine that human beings can live together usefully and happily when every man lives for himself. You cannot live together in that way. You will simply devour one another. The weak will always be the prey of the strong. You will have strife, confusion, misery as your perpetual portion.

"You were made to share in one another's good, to be helpers, one of another; not to strive and fight but to cooperate. It is not that you are to neglect your own interests in promoting your neighbor's; simply to identify yourselves in interest with your neighbors; to love your neighbors, not better than yourselves, but as yourselves. This law of good will, which is simply the law of justice, nothing more, will bring peace and welfare to all."

Such was the challenge of Jesus Christ to the social order which He found existing, which was, in its fundamental principles, the same social order that exists today, the same social order out of which have grown our rotten cities and our insurance piracies, and our rebate robberies and our meat trusts and our labor wars. He condemned it, as radically wrong; He called for its reconstruction upon a ruling idea which would change the direction of human conduct. And this, as anyone may see who will read the synoptic gospels, was the main thing that He came into the world to do. To establish in this world the Kingdom of heaven was his mission; He assumed that men would be ready for heaven if they lived the heavenly life upon earth.

If the world could only have learned from him that great truth what ages of strife and misery would have been spared us! But, alas for human stupidity! the truth which he meant that we should learn first, the head-stone of the corner of his teaching, has been ignored or rejected through all the generations. We have learned many things of this great Teacher. We have learned much about the ordering of our homes; His love and peace abide in many of them. We have learned to honor womanhood, and to hold sacred and precious the life of little children; we have learned to show compassion to the sick and the blind and the deaf and those of clouded mind; we have learned to be merciful to the criminal and kind to the needy; we have learned to trust, for ourselves, in the love of our Father in heaven; to believe that he is ready to forgive our sins, to comfort us in trouble, and to take care of us when life is ended; all this and far more is precious gain; no word can tell how much it is worth to our sinning and sorrowing humanity.

But he has always wanted to give us so much more! If we could but have taken his yoke upon us and have learned of him how to order the relations of our social lives, how to live together in factory and shop and counting-room, how much happier and better off we should have been! Some of us would not have been so rich, many of us would not have been so poor.

To this part of the teaching of Jesus we have, however, persistently turned a deaf ear. For other parts of our lives we confess that he has good gifts; but in all this part of our lives—and it includes by far the larger portion of our thoughts and energies—we do not yield to his authority. Here we have insisted, another law that his must rule—the law of strife, the law that gives dominion to the strongest. So it has come to pass that through all these centuries the chief part of the work that Jesus came to do has been left undone, practically unattempted. The consequences we have seen, in that culmination of the world's selfishness which tonight we have been reviewing.

But how has it happened that the chief thing which Jesus came to do has been left undone? Was there no agency here to which this work has been entrusted? Had he no representatives in the world on whom he could depend for the application to human society of the saving truth which he came to teach? It would seem that the Christian Church must have been intended to be such an agency. We often speak of it as the Body of Christ; we mean that it is the social organism which his mind controls and in which his spirit dwells. Doubtless that was what he meant his church to be.

That the life of Jesus has been, in some imperfect way, manifested to the world through the church, most of us believe. How very imperfect the revelation has been, all of us know. The church is the light of the world, but often it has been but a dark lantern, quenching the ray that it ought to have reflected. Doubtless our Master knew that it would be so; human nature in its crude condition is hardly transparent to the heavenly beam; ages of cleansing and purification must pass before the light will shine through.

Therefore the church which is, after all, only a human agency, has very dimly understood its Lord, and very imperfectly represented him. Often and often it has utterly misplaced the emphasis of his teachings; it has put first things last and lowest things highest; it has spent its energies on trifles and shirked the great tasks for which it was commissioned.

Thus it is that the truth which Jesus always made central in his teachings has never yet been made central in the teaching and the life of his church. For many centuries it waited for him to return in power and capture by miracle the kingdoms of the world; then it suffered this expectation to die out and shifted its hope to the regions beyond our sight, putting all the stress of its appeal upon the escape of the faithful from this world to another.

It is this overdone unworldliness of which the church of the present day is the inheritor. For while we must make no sweeping statements, and must thankfully and hopefully recognize the existence of a strong minority of disciples to whom, as to their Master, the establishment of His Kingdom in the world is the chief concern, it still remains true that to the vast majority of modern Christians the main business of religion is to keep people out of contact with the life of the world, and to get them safely away from it when they die. And while there are now not a few of the leaders of the church who are interested in the real work that Jesus came to do, there is still a host of them like the occupant of one of the most conspicuous pulpits of Christendom, who, when asked if his church had any institutional features, answered, "God forbid! My own deep conviction is that the institutional church is the devil's own invention," and who then went on to testify: "I detest these semi-social and semi-political subjects. I have never touched them in the pulpit. Of course, as a private individual I have my own private opinions, and I vote. But when God makes a minister he is to declare the unsearchable riches of God in Christ Jesus, and he is limited to that." That is the tone; you hear it continually; the business of the church is saving souls for heaven; it has nothing to do with making a better world of this. How little such a man knows of what "the unsearchable riches of God in Christ Jesus" really are!

It is because the church, to so large an extent, has long been under the control of such a sentiment as this; because it has turned its gaze away from the world that Christ came to save and has fixed it so intently upon the heaven for which it hopes or the hell which it dreads, that the work which He came to do in the regeneration of human society has not been done. We can forgive the mediaeval saints for forgetting their social obligations; most of them had but few; but how a Christian man in a democracy, with the chrism upon his head of God's ordination to rule this world rightly, can separate his religion from his social obligations is hard to understand. And we cannot forgive the Christian church—the Christian church must not forgive herself—for failing, in these great years of freedom and opportunity, to leaven human society with the truth as it is in Jesus.

What has the Christian church been doing while these powers of piracy and plunder have been gathering their forces and spreading their nets and heaping up their spoils? Where was the Christian church when the grafters were ravaging the cities and the rebate robbers and the frenzied financiers and the insurance sharks were getting in their work? For the most part she has been standing by and looking on, winking her eyes and twiddling her thumbs, and wondering whether she had any call to interfere.

The prophets of old had no such embarrassment in defining their function. Here and there a prophetic voice has been heard, in our own time, but against these monumental injustices with which the nation is now in a life and death grapple, the church has lifted up no clear and effectual protest. Indeed she has gathered into her communion many of the most conspicuous of the perpetrators of these injustices—they are nearly all church members—and has made herself a pensioner upon their bounty, and has been content with preaching to them the "simple gospel" that such men always love to hear!

It is a sad business, brethren, a sad and shameful business; and I am afraid that most of us have had some part in it. But I wonder if it is not true that in this hour of the nation's testing, the church is beginning to awake to some sense of her past infidelity and her present opportunity. I wonder if she knows that now, NOW is for her the accepted time and the day of salvation. Is she not aware that the treasure with which she has been intrusted is for the redemption of the society in which she is living? Does she not comprehend the fact that the morbid and threatening social conditions which have been appearing during the last three years are due simply to the absence from industrial and civil society of those elements which it is her business to supply? If she had made men hate robbery, as they ought to hate it, there would have been not rebate robbers. If she had enforced upon the world as she ought to have done, and could have done, the social ideals of Jesus, there would have been no frenzied financiers. If the Christian church, with her present membership and social influence, would but accept, heartily, for herself, the simple truth that Jesus taught about life, and would begin

honestly and bravely to put it in practice, society would soon be filled with ideas and sentiments in which such unsocial evils as those which we are now confronting could not long endure.

And this is the work to which in this great day the church of Jesus Christ is summoned. It is a day of judgment. Those who have ears to hear, can hear a great voice saying "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the Prince of this world be cast out." What we are witnessing is nothing other than the culmination and collapse of the existng social order which rests on moral individualism. And the church of Jesus Christ is called to replace this principle of selfishness and strife with the principle of good will and service. It is called to give to society a new organic industrial and civil society on Christian principles. This is its business in the world, a business too long neglected, but not now impossible, if the church can discern this time and gird herself for the work.

This social change cannot be an instantaneous metamorphosis; the processes of growth are never so; but it can begin at once, and the vitalizing, transforming energy will soon make itself felt in every part of the social organism. It will be a great thing if the church can grasp the idea of the thing to be done, and can believe that it is possible. It is not necessary to work out the methods, all at once; let them be developed as needs arise. It is only necessary that the church shall know that she is here in the world to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; to seek it, not by turning her eyes to the skies but by fixing them upon the world; to seek it and find it here, in shop and store and factory and mine, in bank and counting-room, in kitchen and drawing-room, in sanctum and studio, in public office and private station, wherever human beings join hands or touch elbows in the tasks and pleasures and comradeships of our daily life. To fill all these human relations with the spirit of good will and kindness, of unselfish ministry; to make men and women feel that the great joy of life is not the joy of strife but the joy of service; to populate this world with a race of people whose central purpose it shall be, not to get as much as they can but to give as much as they can—this is what Jesus came into this world to do, and what his church will be doing as soon as she comprehends her mission.

When she takes up this task with full purpose she will get some light on questions that now puzzle her. She will be able to see that while these social injustices which now disturb our peace have been culminating, her own growth has been seriously retarded. The Christian church has not been making, during the last decades, the kind of progress that she ought to make. Her membership increases very slowly; her benevolences languish; there are signs of decrepitude that none of us is willing to confess. The strenuous efforts that have been made to replenish her forces by evangelism have not been effectual. Upon the outside masses the appeal has little power. It does not now appear that an evangelism whose objective is the individual sinner is likely to accomplish much until some things are done for which the world has long been waiting. The fact is plainly apparent that the church has lost her grip on the world, and she is not going to regain it until she finds out what is her real business in the world. Her enfeeblement is due to her failure to grapple with the task assigned her. Let her address herself to that with faith and courage and she will soon find her resources returning. It seems to me that the responsibility now resting on the church in America is something tremendous. If this nation is destroyed the guilt will lie at the door of the church.

Carry your thought back for a moment to what we were saying at the beginning of this hour. What has wrought the ruin of Russia? It is the church of Russia. The church of Russia has not only failed to enforce the social teachings of Jesus Christ, she has flatly repudiated them. Under the lead of that mighty prelate whose philosophy of society, more than any other teaching, has shaped the entire policy of the empire, the minds of the ruling class have been filled with ideas and sentiments which are distinctly anti-Christian. The revolution registers the doom of a social order resting on stark egoism, and of a church which stood sponsor for that social order. For us this tragedy holds a note of warning. I do not think that the church in America is promoting an anti-Christian social order; she is simply permitting it to exist. She must prevent its existence or she will go down in the ruin which it is sure to bring.

Recall, now, for another moment, that other tremendous phenomenon on which we were looking—the awakening of the Orient. How is our nation to be affected by the rapidly hastening contact between that civilization and our own? It will not be long before the East and the West will be hurled together—not, I hope, in physical combat, but in a commercial and intellectual competition which will test the strength of each. Our safety in this struggle will not lie in fleets or forts; the critical contest will not be fought out with carnal weapons. It will be a contest between ruling ideas, between types of character.

If we can meet the onset of the Oriental hosts with a thoroughly Christian civilization we shall save ourselves and them. If we can arm ourselves with the mind that was in Jesus—with justice and truth, with honor and kindness, they can never overcome us; we shall subdue them, and lead them in the paths of peace. A thoroughly Christianized nation, Christian in all its policy, seeking always to do them good and not evil, putting forth its energies to befriend and serve them, would have nothing to fear.

A Christian people, living the life of the Sermon on the Mount, not greedy of gain, following simple ways, lovers of peace rather than strife, could go into a contest of this nature with no anxiety; but a people whose vitality had been lowered by the kind of influences now tending to prevail in our society; who had grown luxurious, effeminate and false; who had been in short Russianized by the selfish philosophy which has dragged Russia to her doom, would be overrun and trampled out of existence in its contact with Oriental paganism.

It rests with the Christian church to determine what kind of a people it shall be that enters this contest, now swifly impending. To get ready for such work as this will call for sober thought and strenuous amendment. If the church would gird herself for work like this, she will need to lay aside every weight and the sins that so easily beset her; she will be constrained, in many ways, to simplify her own life and revise her social standards. Deepest of all her needs will be the need of a better acquaintance with Jesus and a more genuine faith in him, not merely as the Deliverer from the pains of hell, but as the Messiah, the Lord and Ruler of life in this world.

I think, also, that the church which expects to transform and unify humanity, will find some work to do in restoring her own unity. There is many a rent in Christ's seamless robe which she must mend, if she would hide her own nakedness. So long as the main business of the church was supposed to be getting people out of the world to heaven, the scandal and shame of the schisms was not so serious. The saying has always been: "One road to heaven is as good as another." But when it is understood that what we are seeking is the unity and peace of human society; that our business in the world is to banish hateful and destructive competitions, and to bring men together on a co-operative basis, then our sectarian divisions will smite us in the face whenever we open our mouths to speak our message to the world. While the church was consenting to the moral individualism which has been tearing society in pieces, she might keep her countenance when confronted with her own divisions. But when she begins to apply the principles of her Master to the wars of classes and the strifes of interests in the outside world, she will hear a stern voice saying, "Physician, heal thyself!"

That the church will hear the call of her Master in this great crisis, and put away her weaknesses and scandals, and rise to the mighty task that awaits her, I cannot bring myself to doubt. That society cannot live upon the old basis of selfishness and strife is becoming increasingly plain, even to many outside the church. That the church will fail, in this juncture, to discern this fact and to seize her great opportunity I cannot believe. "If," says a modern prophet, "society continues to disintegrate and decay the church will be carried down with it. If the church can rally such moral forces that injustice will be overcome and fresh red blood will course in a sounder organism, it will itself rise to higher liberty and life. Doing the will of God it will have new visions of God. With the new message will come a new authority. If the salt lose its saltness it will be trodden under foot. If the church fulfils its prophetic function, it may bear the prophet's reproach for a time, but it will have the prophet's vindication hereafter."

To us, my brethren, gathered here to represent the sixty-five hundred churches and the seven hundred and fifty thousand communicants of the Congregational communion, this call ought to come with commanding power.

I hope that I am not indulging in an over-fond partiality for my own people when I think that this conception —that it is the main business of the church in the world to realize the social aims of Jesus—has been constantly gaining a stronger hold upon our thought. I hope that there are a good many among us who believe that the Kingdom is coming, and who are eager to know what we can do to bring it in with power. That question, I trust, will hold our thought, through the ten days of this council. If we do anything here worth while it will be in strengthening the ideas and forces which shall make the law and the spirit of Jesus regnant and effective over the whole of our social life. If, we talk together here,, we can come to a clearer understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus; if we can learn to believe in Him; to feel that His way of living is the right way; to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, as Jesus has shown it to us in the Sermon on the Mount; to feel that the simple life, the quiet life, the loving life, into which Jesus invites us is the best and happiest life; if we can consider all our missionary work, and our philanthropic work and our educational work as methods by which we are seeking to guide men into the way of Jesus; if we can go home from this place, at the end of our sojourn here, with the new purpose in our hearts of raising up a generation of men and women who believe in Jesus Christ as Lord and Ruler of this world, and who are ready to accept His law of love and govern their lives by it, then it will be well for us and for the world that we have come together.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—On last Sunday, six came into the fellowship of the church.

Petaluma.—Rev. R. W. Rogers of Prescott, Arizona, has accepted a call from this church, to begin work in November. Rev. Geo. De Kay is now preaching for them.

Ceres.—The new building is progressing. A line from the pastor, Rev. D. Goodsell, asks if any of our churches have pews which could be sold or—better still—donated to this church.

Paso Robles.—Five persons were received into the fellowship of this church on Sunday, October 6, four on confession of faith. An encouraging feature of the work is the Christian Endeavor Society which numbers twenty-two at present.

San Francisco, Park.—Rev. Chas. Chase, who conducted the services received several into membership. From one family a father, mother, grandmother and children. The former pastor, Rev. T. R. Earl, goes south on account of failing health.

Oakland, Fourth.—On Tuesday afternoon, the third Cradle Roll party was held for the babies and their mothers. Mrs. Lily Culver as leader is energetic and enthusiastic in celebrating the birthdays of the babies in this way. Three united with this church at the communion service last Sunday, and one infant was consecrated by baptism.

Antioch.—The Rev. J. A. Cull has accepted a unanimous call to this church and begins work at once. The town has doubled in population in less than two years and the increase is said to continue at an advanced rate. The prospects for the work of the church are bright and there is well grounded hope for the advancement of God's kingdom in Antioch.

Avalon.—This church records its deep regret at the loss of its soloist, Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves, who accepts a position with the Fourth Church of San Francisco. Gifted with a rich contralto voice, and having real musical culture, and simplicity and directness of manner, Mrs. Cleaves has, for years, so sung the gospel message as to enrich and bless the services of the island church. She will take with her to the North the abiding interest and good wishes of many Catalina friends.

San Francisco, Green Street.—The Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Walz, after attending the State Association meeting at Reno, are to attend the National Council at Cleveland and then go on to New York, in the interest of the building fund for their new church. About one-half of the needed amount is now on hand, and it is hoped in a campaign of six weeks or two months, that the entire amount needed for this important work in San Francisco may be secured. The work of the parish is to be done during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Walz by Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves. After the close of the National Council, the address of Mr. and Mrs. Walz will be 150 West 105th St., New York, care of Mr. H.

THE MINISTERS' MEETING.

At the Monday meeting, Rev. H. E. Jewett spoke of the enthusiasm of the gathering at Reno, and of the large unmber present at the Association. All of the churches of Oakland and Berkeley were represented, and four of the San Francisco churches. Forty-five ministers and about seventy-five laymen came, representing forty-seven or eight of our churches. The members united in sending their expression of sympathy to Rev. H. Melville Tenney. Notice of Mrs. Tenney's sudden death and the funeral services will be found in this paper. Rev. J. P. Ratzell from Eureka was present. He preached last Sunday at the North Berkeley church. Rev. C. W. Anthony, a member of the first class of The Pacific Theological Seminary, and Rev. E. W. Scott of the U. S. Navy were welcomed as visiting brethren. The Rev. Chas. R. Brown's address on "The Gospel of Good Health" was much enjoyed and at the request of the members will be published. As announced last week the meeting for Oct. 14 will be held in Dr. Adams' church in San Francisco, corner Post and Mason streets.

THE FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

Of the Congregational Association of Northern Calif.

Although this meeting marked the turn of the half-century since the first meeting, it was not devoted to reminiscence, because the glimpses of fifty years had already been presented by our venerable brethren a year ago at the 50th meeting in San Jose. But the central theme was eminently appropriate, viz.: "The Expanding Church." Up to this meeting went a strong body of delegates and ministerial members, about as many as usually attend the nearer meetings. This was remarkable when it is reflected that Reno is 244 miles from San Francisco and the journey involved a night aboard train." The heaviest load of delegates (Dr. Adams was there) started up Monday night, a company full of good cheer. The lagging train finally, three hours behind time and with no diner, gave a

chance for patience and good cheer to shine. The few who had gone early to Reno opened the convention on time and went through a deal of the preliminary business before the bulk of the Bay delegation arrived at noon. We were ushered, hungry folks, to dine. That seemed cordial. Indeed, the whole behavior of the Reno church and their helping friends, was most handsome and cordial. Every ordinary comfort was supplied and then new delights were invented. Californians have a new sense of the opulence and generosity of Reno's gracious hospitality. Promptly after lunch the order of the day was taken up, and "The Present Condition" of the expanding church was sketched in three papers. Rev. Miles B. Fisher presented the Sunday-school work and opportunity, noting specially the challenge to new effort through the remarkable railway development, and bespeaking the sympathetic co-operation of the churches with the advanced courses by which Dr. Sanders hopes to improve the grade of instruction. Mention was made of the most regrettable illness of Rev. E. J. Singer, who has so long and faithfully served the Sunday-school Society.

Prof. Nash read the report of the "Committee of Five" appointed by the Monday Ministers' Meeting last May to formulate needed readjustments on Congregational State work. Their report was approved by the September meetings of the Bay Association and the San Francisco Association, both bodies memorializing the State Association to consider the same. The report has been printed in these columns already, and editorially discussed. The Association approved the plan in general and provided for an enlarged committee to draw up all necessary details and report to an adjourned session of this meeting some time before Dec. 15, when the incorporation is to be effected and such steps as can be legally taken will be. It is the most significant step since California Home Missions became self-supporting.

Rev. W. H. Scudder presented an excellent narrative of the churches. The circulars were sent out less than three weeks before, but notwithstanding the short time allowed a well-made narrative of uncommonly cheering details was given.

The baptism of the infant son of Rev. and Mrs. Mears was a touching preliminary to the Lord's Supper, presided over by Rev. E. S. Williams and Dr. McLean.

The first evening session was given over first to addresses of welcome most cordial and responses full of grace and humor. Then came the Associational Sermon, a call to the prophets of the Lord to discern truly the need of the times, and not to falter; an exceedingly well wrought and impressive sermon.

(The above account, kindly given by Rev. Miles B. Fisher, will be supplemented next week.)

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Congregational Minister's Relief Society of California will be held on Monday, Oct. 14th, at 12:15 o'clock p. m., in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, corner of Post and Mason streets, for the election of directors for the ensuing year and such other business as may come before it. WALTER FREAR, Sec'y.

Take Sutter street cars.

Rev. Samuel Greene and Miss Flora T. Bunnell were married on Tuesday, October 1st, in Seattle, Washington.

IN MEMORIAM.

The sudden death of Dr. Lila Mary Tenney came as a great shock to personal friends who through the years have learned to love and respect her for patient endurance of suffering and determined effort to prepare and spend herself for the relief of others. Our deepest regret is that sometimes we may not have fully appreciated those sufferings or fitly responded to her intense interest and desire to serve us. She came to San Jose as our pastor's wife in the early nineties, broken in health, but eager for her new duties. Her home and heart opened especially to the young people of the church and she soon came to know and call us by our Christian names and continued to do so ever since. We cannot recount her kindnesses, they are so numerous, or trace the many impulses she awakened in us toward highest intellectual culture and fullest development of spiritual life. She was a beautiful, cultured, ambitious, sympathetic, loving Christian woman, and much of her influence over us was as unconscious to us as it was to her. We can realize now as we could not then how much her life has meant to us in character.

Only those who have been privileged to know her during the last years of her usefulness can realize how much humanity loses by her death. Some years ago she felt called to heal the sick. Personal knowledge of her own case, and observation, had convinced her that the ills of life may be prevented by intelligent medical treatment and oversight of childhood and youth. She determined to become a specialist in such work and at great personal sacrifice in spite of physical infirmities persisted until she had completed medical studies in the best colleges of California and the east. At the same time she earned a considerable portion of the money required for fees, books and instruments. Her determination and enthusiasm brought its reward and for a number of years she had ministered to the suffering in Oakland and vicinity. Perhaps no physician in the state had so extensive a knowledge of childhood and its needs; certainly, none could have deeper interest and love for child life. The heart of the child opened to her instinctively and pain was speedily banished. It is to be regretted that a life so sympathetic and helpful should no longer minister to Christ's little ones. Not content with medical labors for children, for some months she had taught a primary class in Sunday-school near her home and her deepest interest had of late been the necessity for a building to shelter this school.

Her Heavenly Father has rewarded her somewhat on earth for her sacrifice and devotion. For nearly a year she had been mistress of a new home in the Piedmont hills, overlooking city and bay and ocean. In a beautiful room where the sunshine came all day, with college diplomas and testimonials from specialists of national reputation upon the walls, with books and instruments of healing and research everywhere, and keepsakes and tokens from the friends she had made around her, she lived happy in her chosen work, happy in her friendships, happy in the beautiful affection between herself and husband, happy in the prospect of years of love and usefulness.

Here, only a few hours before she was called to her heavenly reward, my wife and I spent last Thursday afternoon. Intimately as we had known her in those days at San Jose, it was hard to realize the possibility of such a development even for one so gifted as she had been. She seemed, like our Saviour, to have become

erfect through sufferings." It was the same face d welcome of years gone by as she hastened to eet us, but there was an added grace and dignity and still greater zeal and enthusiasm for service. She ve no impression of physical weakness. How eagerly e examined our little ones for possible ailments, how eely she gave of her abundant knowledge, how in- rested she was for them, and how readily they re- onded to her loving word and touch. Alas! that they e no longer to have her loving care; alas! for all ildren to whom in the future she might have admin- tered! Her last earthly message came late the night e passed away in response to our telephone inquiry ncerning some remedies she had prescribed. Her osen work was hers to the end.

I speak thus intimately and freely for the sake of ose other friends who have not been privileged to ow much of her life and accomplishments during ese last years. Let us cherish her memory for she erits our Saviour's approving words, "She hath done hat she could." FRANCIS W. REID.

Berkeley, Cal.

The Home.

THE MONEY STANDARD.

There is a power abroad today which has set up its andards in the midst of God's fair earth, a power hich claims and obtains almost universal homage. he name of the power is money, and its worship is lled success. You have read of human sacrifices nong savage tribes; but have you ever paused to unt the human sacrifices that are daily offered at the tar of Mammon? This worse than pagan god has ected his idol not in the fastnesses of savage wastes. t in the midst of Christian people. His shrines cum- r the ground of the cities. His temples. over- adow the temples of the living God. His power is on the sea and upon the land. No place is too ex- ted, none too lowly for his worship. He has invaded e thrones of kings, he has frustarted the counsels of lers, he has damaged nations in their dearest inter- ts, he has suborned cabinets and senates, he has rjured parliaments, he all but divides empire with e God of hosts. And, saddest of all, the pagan god as satisfied with his victim's life; when the victim's ood stained the altar the pagan god was appeased. ut the god of Mammon demands and obtains the vic- n's immortal soul. Now if his service be entered he ill gladly receive the proffered allegiance. If you ake wealth the one purpose in life and stake your pe of success upon its acquisition, it may be that u will have it in abundance. Give up your freedom. ifle every noble aspiration, banish the bright dreams at live in your souls today; be false to the truth lse to your ideals, and it may be that his golden hoard ill be yours. Come and go at his beck and nod, plan d scheme for him until the brain reels, work for him no slave ever worked for a master, and his wages. e wages of a wasted life, mayhap be yours. But ink not though a golden treasure beyond the dream avarice be at command, think not that you have ccess. Know, that with this quest alone in view, u are foredoomed to bitter failure. If you possess that he has to give and only that, then your life ells defeat. You have given all and you are betrayed. were well if even hope remained.—Exchange.

DRINK.

It is the patronage of the rum-shop far more than it is the low wage that spells squalor in homes, heart-breaks for wives, and every woe for the helpless and dependent. Hence comes rags, hence comes desolation, hence comes every form of brutality, vice and crime that disgraces humanity. Few wives are beaten, few homes are turned into hells because of hard work and low wages; it is the drink devil who wields the whip and brings the hell. There is no taskmaster who drives so cruelly as he, or lays on so heavy a lash. Much labor, both in its character and in its rewards, may be akin to slavery, but there is no bondage so galling, no servitude which exacts so much and gives so little, as the slavery of strong drink. Among all other good and true aims set before them, let the trade unions declare an unalterable and deadly enmity to the drink traffic, and they will achieve a larger good for workingmen than in all other efforts to which they can put their hearts and hands. Boycott the saloon, order a general strike along this line, and there will be a result in the homes and by the firesides of the world's toilers that will rejoice and bless humanity.—Leslie's Weekly.

ETIQUETTE OF THE ELEVATOR.

"There is no one to pass authoritatively upon the etiquette of the elevator," said a critical citizen to a "Star" reporter, "but it strikes me that the line should be drawn, and a little study of the question has resulted in this conclusion with me:—

"I think the line should be drawn between business elevators, those in office buildings, stores and public buildings generally and those in hotels. In the latter a man should remove his hat and uncover in the presence of women passengers, and in the former he should not, and there should be no deviation from the rule.

"The differentiation in the established courtesy shown by men as a great class to women may easily be made clear, though there are some of our fair sisters who would keep a man on his knees all the time and never give him a chance to stretch, as others would have him uncover in the street cars, which are inclosed compartments frequented by both sexes, and give him a perpetual cold in the head.

"If men should remove their hats in the presence of women in the elevators of business and public buildings they should by analogy take them off in Pullman cars, the cabins of ferryboats, in street and railroad cars and coaches, in closed carriages and omnibuses, in the stores; go uncovered in the corridors of the capitol, the congressional library, the national museum, the corridors of the public government office buildings, railroad stations, and, in short, in all places under roof in which the two sexes publicly mingle.

"Certain it is if a woman expects a man to uncover in a public elevator, it is the height of absurdity for her not to be indignant if a man rides with her with his hat on in a closed carriage; yet not one of our sweet cousins would think for a moment that a man should do this, though he is closer to her in one compartment than in a public elevator, and he is either slightly or well acquainted with her in the bargain.

"In the elevator of a hotel, however, it is another matter. Here the two sexes meet upon more personal terms, as it were, and the relationship between the sexes is more of that in private houses. There is an atmosphere entirely different from that in the elevator

of a business or public building, and it is one which demands of a man more courtesy toward the opposite sex than in the latter place.

"I have always thought, therefore, when I see men uncover in store and public building elevators that they lacked a discriminating knowledge of gentlemanly instincts rather than, as they evidently suppose, showing such to woman shoppers and visitors to the departments."—Washington Star.

The Quiet Hour.

O Source divine and Life of all
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know Thee truly but in this—
That Thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tones of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law!

—J. STERLING.

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

It is a mystery; it has always been so; it must be so to the end. For on the one hand is our fixed experience of the love of God and on the other is the pain, perplexity, and grief which he allows. A shallow philosophy argues either that God is not good or that he lacks power. That was the mind of the wife of Job when, in the collapse of fortune, she advised her husband to curse God and die. A like shallow despair is found in the life of those who have given up the battle and merely drift with the tide. This is not the best of all possible worlds, and nothing in God's word ever claimed that it was so, but it may well be best for something. And it must be our wisdom, as those who are called to share a part in life, to ask and discover for what it is best.

The rough and tumble, the temptation and suffering of the world cannot be aimless. We are like men set forth upon a great adventure. Some may like the changes and viscissitudes of travel for their own sake. They are the strong. But others may accept the journey either for the gains to be made along the way, or for the end to be attained at last. The expectation of home is more to them than ease at any inn. These are the courageous and the hopeful; and these beyond question get the most from life. The journey is not easeful, but it is well worth while. The way is not smooth, but it appeals to brave and venturous hearts. And the great end which is to crown endeavor arms even the weakest to attempt the great experience, since He who made the way is also its companion.

This is the way in which our Lord looked upon life. He calls us to courage; he warns us of trials he assures us of his presence; he awaits us at th end. He even appeals to us with the assurance tha our sufferings are sure, but that they have their offs in present reward as well as final victory. He take the trials of the world for granted with no inquietu of heart. He has not a thought to waste upon th proposition that God cannot be good unless he make an easeful world. He thinks of it as a practice groun for souls, and turns his gaze upon the final victor In his view it is a greater triumph for God to tra strong and triumphant men than to lead us by smoot ways into a place of listless ease.

The only joys that last and grow in this life of ou are the joy of trust and the joy of overcoming. To liv in the midst of trouble with joy of soul is the myster ous art of faith and love. The little craft toss and swa with the waves and are driven in peril by the storm But the great ships of faith are piloted by Christ an laugh at the tempest. We are called to a manly an courageous life, not to a whining and retreating on Set forth, then, into the midst of such trials and peri as God shall allow to fall upon you and fear nothin Cultivate the courageous spirit and joy will follo soon. The mystery of life and suffering is real enough but not daunting to him who walks with God.—Th Congregationalist.

PRAYER.

O Thou, true Fountain of all life and light, ou Father and our loving and unfailing Help, witho Thee we are poor and sorrowful, but in Thy servic are made strong and free. Aid and establish us in th work which Thou hast given us to do, refresh us in ou weariness, give us peace of heart and fill us with goo courage and delight in service through all the change of our days. Blessed be Thou, our loving Father, fo all the joys that we have known, our victories wo uplifting after sinful falls, the rich outpouring of Th life in Jesus Christ our Lord, simplicity of faith, peac of the trustful heart and joy of brotherhood. None ca replace Thee; and in Thy abundance our souls hav confidence and rest. Make us channels of Thy grac and help to others, according to Thy mercy, and le Thy kingdom come, O Lord of Love.

Young People.

JOHNNY.

He can scamper a mile to the baseball field,
And he never feels the heat;
But, oh! it's so far to the corner store—
So far for his aching feet!

He can run to see the circus come in,
And stand and watch by the hour;
But the post-office building is so far away,
And there might come up a shower!

He can get up at five on the Fourth o' July—
It's really no trouble at all;
But eight is too early on all other days,
And his mother may call and call!

He can sit up all hours to frolic, and not
Get sleepy or tired a bit;
But if there's a lesson, or problem to do,
He goes fast asleep over it!

O Johnny, dear Johnny, how funny you are!
And when will grown-ups understand
That hard things seem easy, and easy ones hard,
To youngsters all over the land?

—Emma A. Lente.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

"Mother's helper!" said mother, as she kissed Milton good-bye. "What would mother do without him?"

Milton felt very tall and strong as mother disappeared around the corner, leaving him alone with Baby Erma while mother went to market.

"I shall be six years old next month," he said to Baby Erma, "and I will take the best of care of you. Come, let us have a race." And Milton started across the yard, taking baby steps so that little sister could catch him easily.

The race was soon ended, and Baby Erma thought it such fun that she begged for another, and, when she had caught him again, for another.

"Now, let us play horse," said Milton, as he helped Baby Erma from the place where she had fallen. "I will be just a walking horse, then you will not fall down again." And he harnessed himself with a jumping rope and handed little sister the reins.

"Ge-up!" said Baby Erma. "Whoa!"

What fun it was! She thought big brother the best of playmates.

"Come on, Milton," called the voice of Mervin Walters as he stood on tiptoe and looked over the gate at Milton, "we are all going to have a game around the corner. Hurry up!"

Milton stopped without even a "Whoa!" and his little driver stood still, too.

How he longed to go with Mervin! Every boy in the block had new marbles. Milton had some, too,—bright, shining ones,—and he had just learned to play. But he remembered his promise to mother, that he would keep little sister in the yard.

"No, I can't go today," he replied bravely. "I promised to take care of baby."

"O, let her take care of herself," urged Mervin. "She is big enough; besides, I know I can shoot straighter than you. Come on, and I'll show you."

That was the hardest of all to bear. Milton knew that he could shoot better than Mervin. He could almost hit a marble three steps away, and he would have liked to show Mervin how to do it; but he knew that Baby Erma could not be left alone.

"No, I can't go," he said again. "I will play tomorrow," and he trotted away slowly.

"Good morning, little man," called another voice from the gate. "I hear that you are taking care of the baby today."

Milton stopped and looked up to see a real soldier, with real brass buttons on his coat, looking down at him from over the gate.

"Yes, sir," answered Milton, and then he hesitated, for he was not quite sure that he knew how to talk to a soldier. He had never before heard one speak, and he wondered how this soldier knew about him.

"I heard you tell your friend why you could not play marbles," continued the soldier, "and I said to myself, 'That boy is brave enough to be a soldier.'"

"O, do you think so?" asked Milton, eagerly, as he climbed up on the gate to get a better look at the shining brass buttons. "And do soldiers look after babies, and where are you going—to war?"

"When real soldiers were little boys," answered the soldier, "they did whatever their mothers asked them to do, even if they thought playing marbles would be more fun. No, I am not going to war now. We are going to have a parade today, and we will pass here. Look for me. I shall ride a horse, and be in front of the other soldiers. Good-bye, little soldier. I must go now." And he reached over the gate and shook hands with Milton and Baby Erma.

Milton stood at the gate, looking after his soldier friend and wondering when the parade would pass, until, urged on by his little driver, he turned around and trotted about the yard.

"Mother, mother!" he called, as mother opened the gate an hour later, "what do you think happened today? A real soldier said that I am brave enough to be a soldier. And, mother, do you think I am?" he asked after he had told mother all about it.

"I am sure you are," answered mother, as she took him in her arms. "I could trust you anywhere. Let's go out to the gate and watch for the parade. I heard about it today, and it is almost time for it to pass. I hear the drum now."

Far down the street came a "Rub-a-dub-dub, a rub-a-dub-dub!" and Milton ran to the gate and climbed up to watch for his soldier.

Mother followed after, and seated Baby Erma on one of the gate posts.

The "Rub-a-dub-dub!" came nearer, and soon the whole band could be heard playing "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

Crowds of people lined the streets and cheered as the band passed by. Then they cheered again and again, for they saw the soldiers coming.

"O mother," cried Milton in a voice that could be heard above the cheering of the people, "look! look! There goes my soldier!"

"Why," exclaimed mother, in surprise, "that is the captain!" The captain, who sat straight and tall on the prancing black charger, with a glitetring sword at his side, heard, and turned and smiled at Milton over the heads of all the people.

"He was really the captain, mother," said Milton over and over again after the soldiers had passed, "and some time I will be his soldier."

"Yes," replied mother, "you may be his soldier some day. You will be strong enough, I know; for you are mother's little soldier now."—Edna Everett, in Kindergarten Review.

NED'S BIRTHDAY WISH.

The birthday cake was beautiful,
A mountain high and white,
All trimmed with name and age in red,
And candles burning bright.

"Now, children, wish!" said mamma dear,
"And blow the candles out!
I see Ned is thinking hard,
What can it be about?"

"I wish—I wish—" said Ned, and paused,
Another look to take,
"I wish," he finished solemnly,
"It was a bigger cake!"

FOUND HIS EQUAL.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina has visited San Francisco. The graft prosecution, the earthquake and fire, and the bubonic plague have not been heard from since his arrival. The city has been overwhelmed with the sensation. The following little episode enlivened his lecture.

"I will prove to you," said Senator Tillman, "that you yourself do not believe the negro to be the equal of the white man. First let me ask you if you are a man of family?"

"I am," answered the man from the rear of the hall.

"Have you a daughter?" asked the senator.

"I have," was the reply.

"Now let me ask you," continued Senator Tillman, "would you allow her to marry a 'nigger'?"

"A negro man, yes, but not a negro scoundrel," was the reply.

The senator started in amazement at the unexpected answer, when suddenly some one in the audience cried out: "It's a negro you're talking to."

Tillman leveled his gaze to the rear of the hall and discovered that it was in truth a negro whom he had addressed.

We do not pretend to be an expert on the question of equality of races, but we think our readers will agree that the colored gentleman in this case had the senator at a disadvantage. The senator was short on his knowledge of the Japanese question and long on his race hatred of the negroes. It has been suggested by one correspondent that the senator left his "pitchfork" and brought his muck rake. He spoke piously of the school board as follows:

"I don't consider the Japanese and negro questions parallel at all, except inasmuch as they both touch on the subject of race and caste," he declared. I haven't studied the thing thoroughly, but I've of course caught glimmerings of it here and there in the eastern press reports, especially about the time your sniveling, snarling, snuffing school board went back to Washington to make fools of themselves by whining about something without knowing what they were whining about or what they wanted. When you start to climb a hill you ought to know what you're climbing for and not rush around and down the other side when you are half way up, and I'm not referring to that school board alone, either. Oh, no. The people of California are all in the same fix. They are making a lot of rumpus over the Japanese question and they don't any of them know what they want."

He thinks San Francisco is bad, but with all due consideration to the senator we would rather have the company of the average San Franciscan than that of the race-hating senator. His coming has met a "long felt want." San Francisco has been in great need of a sensation. Senator Tillman has supplied that want.

THAT CANTEEN.

Major-General A. W. Greely, commander of the Northern Division, in his annual report says:

"If the canteen is not restored there should be enacted legislation similarly restricting the use of liquor by all federal officials or employees. Whether justly or not, the enlisted men regard it as class legislation, not only restricting privileges, but also imputing unreliability to them as a body."

This sounds very "dry," dryly "dry." General Greely has hardly forgiven Major-General Funston for pouring the San Francisco liquor into the gutter at the time of the earthquake and fire, and the people have scarcely ceased to be thankful that General Funston was at the head of affairs instead of General Greely on that awful morning, April 18, 1906. Nearly everybody believes in the honesty and integrity and good intentions of General Greely, but nobody is surprised that he is gulled into favoring the liquor dealers' association. He belongs to the old regime. Any commander in this day who wants to "fire" up his soldiers with liquor instead of patriotism should be retired. His argument is amusing not to say childish. He thinks it is class legislation to exclude the canteen. He would be nearer the mark if he should contend that introducing the canteen would be class legislation. There is no canteen in the Post Office department, none in the navy. There is only one reason which is pressing upon General Greely: The officers take advantage of their liberty and drink liquor. The absence of the canteen condemns them in a concrete and emphatic way. It is class legislation to permit the officers to have wine on their tables while the rank and file have none. It would be a good thing to require absolute sobriety in every officer of the Army. The officers of General Greely's way of thinking think they see a vision of the time when liquor will be banished from their side-boards. There is coming a new era, a new patriotism, a new military ideal wherein manliness, soberness, and intelligence shall form the base. The defense of the country will hereafter depend on an intelligent and loyal army. The canteen will not return we venture to hope. The miserable grog shops that infest the army camps should be banished. Unless we shall see the whole military branch of the government on its knees before the liquor dealers association, the most powerful organization for evil in the world, the army canteen will not be reestablished. We all love General Greely because he got back from his polar expedition all right, but no one has thought of him as a temperance reformer.

PARCEL-POST IS LIKELY TO COME.

It is said that Postmaster General Meyer will recommend the Parcel-Post and some sort of Postal Savings-banks in his next annual report. The voice of public opinion is largely in favor of such an experiment. It is well known that many of the European countries already have such a system and find that it works fairly well. There is however some opposition. The Chicago Journal thinks that such a system would break up all the small country and cross-road stores. It says:

"A parcels-post will drive out of business into bankruptcy the innumerable merchants who now prosper in the country and in small communities. It will operate for the benefit of great mail-order establishments which are already, with the aid of freight rates and the express companies, altogether too active for the peace of country dealers. Having the advantage of large capital and the ability to make extensive purchases, they can buy cheaper than small merchants, and when they have the use of the government postal service they will be able to undersell local merchants everywhere." The suggestion to put the government into the savings bank business seems to us a question requiring some careful thought. The savings bank business requires a good deal of financial ability. It would not be easy to command ability, financial ability to inaugurate such a system. The fact that such a system is in successful operation in England is not a convincing proof that such a system would be successful in America. The general principle of high security and low rate of interest is a sound one, but the problem is whether the depositor would stand as low a rate as 2 per cent. It is now well known that the United States government could borrow all the money it wanted at that low figure. The question of making money earn interest is a highly complicated one. It is probable that Mr. Meyer is the best informed man in America on this question and no doubt Congress will be largely influenced by his opinion.

A NOBLE CAREER.

The Life of Louis Pasteur.

If the general reader wishes to obtain an insight into a career which combined epoch-making research in both chemistry and medicine with a character in which simplicity and devotion and all the best qualities of the Christian were combined to an exceptional extent, he should read this truly fascinating Life of one of the greatest scientists of the nineteenth century. The teacher in search of apt and beautiful illustrations of single-minded devotion to high purpose will find here illustrations far surpassing those in Smiles' "Self Help," which, by the way, was one of Pasteur's favorite books. It is impracticable for us to follow the steps of Pasteur's life and researches. Our task must be rather to give a few illustrations of the beauty and simplicity of Pasteur's life. The son of a poor tanner, when pursuing his work under adverse pecuniary circumstances at the age of twenty-six, away from his father's home, the latter wrote acknowledging some presents: "I should prefer a thousand times that this money should be still in your purse . . . spent in some good meals. There are not many parents, my dearest boy, who have to write such things to their son." His first great discovery of the cause of the dissymmetry of the two kinds of crystals of tartrates having been made, he rushed out of the laboratory like Archimedes of old, saying, "I have it," and forthwith embraced a great and unforeseen road in science. Already his experiments were leading him towards medicine, although he was not a medical man, for he discovered how broken crystals could be made to resume their original shape, and at once thought of the analogy of this phenomenon and the healing of wounds. His study of tartrates led naturally to that of fermentation, and opened up the world of biology for his conquest. The steps by which his investigations, although at the beginning entirely theoretical, eventually led to most important results is too long for reproduction in these columns, but it led him at this early stage to speak eloquently and forcibly on the rights of theory in teaching. His studies on fermentation led to problems closely associated with "the impenetrable mystery of life and death." He proved that spontaneous generation did not occur, refuting all the experiments which had been previously relied upon in support of its occurrence at this point is quoted an amusing sixteenth-century recipe for the creation of mice—put some dirty linen in a receptacle, together with a few grains of wheat or a piece of cheese. Voltaire is quoted in a dictum which is more weighty than many ascribed to him. "It is very strange that men should deny a Creator and yet attribute to themselves the power of creating eels!" Pasteur was early met with the objection to the "de novo" creation of living matter, which is still commonly heard in connection with the supposed fresh creation of the germs of infectious diseases. If all comes from a germ, people said, whence came the first germ? We must bow before that mystery, said Pasteur; it is the question of the origin of all things, and absolutely outside the domains of scientific research.

The account of the way in which Pasteur discovered the cause and made a cure of the terrible epidemic disease among silkworms which was destroying the silk industry of France must be read in full to be appreciated. His filial and parental piety both received heavy shocks while pursuing this work. Writing to his daughter on the death of his father, he said: "Your prayers will have been acceptable unto God." Shortly after the death of his daughter, at whose bedside he had watched long nights after spending exhausting days in his laboratory, he wrote to a friend:—

My philosohy is of the heart and not of the mind, and I give myself up, for instance, to those feelings about eternity which come naturally at the bedside of a cherished child drawing its last breath. At those supreme moments there is something in the depths of our souls which tells us that the world may be more than a mere combination of phenomena proper to a mechanical equilibrium brought out of the chaos of the elements simply through the gradual action of the forces of matter.

Pasteur never allowed his scientific researches to interfere with his faith, and he died with a crucifix in one hand. When starting to investigate cholera a friend remarked: "Studies of that sort require much courage." "What about duty?" said Pasteur, simply. The difference between German and French investigators came out strongly in Pasteur's work. Much of his work might have been made the source of enormous profit, and Von Behring and others in Germany have done so under similar circumstances. In England and France there is a better record. When Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie expressed surprise that Pasteur had not turned the application of his discoveries into legitimate profit, he replied: "In France scientists would consider that they lowered themselves by doing so."

At the age of forty-six Pasteur had a paralytic stroke, from which he recovered in a few months. Far from regarding this attack as a signal to give up work, he returned to his beloved laboratory before his recovery was complete, and he still had before him twenty-seven years of valuable work for humanity. Although soon afterwards his work was partially interrupted by the Franco-German War, he soon resumed it and extended it, always associating in his person the faith of an apostle with the inquiring patience of a scientist. In scientific inquiries he always acted on the following aphorism: "If we are inclined to believe that a phenomenon is so because we think it likely and possible, let us endeavor to remember, before we affirm it, that the greatest disorder of the mind is to allow the will to direct the belief." And yet an ardent kindness of heart was ever urging him on in his researches, and he fulfilled more perhaps than any other investigator. His own words: "It would indeed be a grand thing to give the heart its share in the progress of science." At another time he said: "The best proof that an observer is in the right track lies in the uninterrupted fruitfulness of his work." The pioneer work of Lister in surgery, which was directly based on Pasteur's researches, and has led to the saving of many hundreds of thousands of lives, is the most striking proof of the accuracy of this statement. In older days purulent infection often with fatal results had been looked upon almost as "an inevitable and necessary disease, an almost divinely-instituted consequence of any important operation. Lister's work proved that it could be entirely avoided. We cannot forbear another quotation, although our space is already exhausted. Looking upon human life, in spite of sorrows, of struggles, of heavy burdens, he was confident that "no effort is wasted." He considered that "the greatness of human actions can be measured by the inspirations which give them birth." He was convinced that there are no vain prayers. If all is simple to the simple, all is great to the great; it was through "the Divine regions of knowledge and of light" that he had visions of those who are no more. We cannot follow the course of his investigations on anthrax, fowl cholera, hydrophobia, &c. Nor can we here discuss the vexed question of vivisection, though a reading of this book would be a useful corrective to those who think that the whole truth is on one side of this debatable subject. We must come to his last years, when his name was honored in every country, when the Pasteur Institute had been built by his countrymen, and when in taking it over he had, although still full of enthusiasm and desire for further work, to admit that he was "vanquished by Time." We may conclude by quoting some of the words he had pronounced four years before his own death over the grave of his friend Littre: "Blessed is he who carries within himself a God, an ideal, and who obeys it; ideal of art, ideal of science, ideal of the Gospel virtues, therein lie the springs of great thoughts and great actions, they all reflect light from the Infinite."

* **The Life of Pasteur.** By Rene Vallant-Radot. Translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Popular Edition.—Methodist Times.

TWO WAYS.

Wouldst thou be wretched? 'Tis an easy way;
Think but of self, and self alone, all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care—
All thou hast to do, or feel, or bear.
Think of thy good, thy pleasure, or thy gain,
Think only of thyself—'twill not be vain.

Wouldst thou be happy? Take an easy way;
Think of those 'round thee—live for them all day,
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care;
All that they have to do, or feel, or bear,
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those 'round thee—it will not be vain.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might hap—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.—

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2 jars of Preserves or 4 pkgs of 12½c Mush	.50
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Solid Pack Tomatoes, 1 lb tins doz	.60
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